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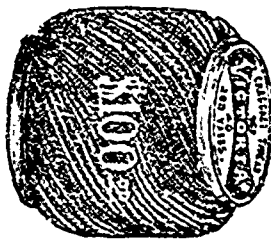
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### ENTERPRISING YOUTH.

The case of five youthful dime-novel warriors, who on a recent August days tarted out to do valiant battle with 'Indians' in Brooklyn suburbs, is amusingly told by the *York Sun* thus:

The thanks of the United States Government are due to Policeman Woodruff, of the Twenty-third sub-precinct of Brooklyn. But for him the race of Indians undoubtedly would have vanished from the face of the earth within a very brief period. Jimmy McGown had sworn it, and his oath was backed up by the promises of Joe Yeomans, Billy McBride, Buck Newman and Fred Shollock, all of Brooklyn. By virtue of his 14 years, Jimmy McGown was leader of the party. Besides, he had a pistol and money.

The party started West on Tuesday. They were scouts, and they went all the way to the trolley car on tiptoe. With them they took canned provisions, bean shooters, and some old canvas for a tent. They got off the trolley car at Parkville, where they were to make their first encampment. Once off the car, they watched it narrowly until it had disappeared in the distance, lest their purpose should be fathomed and foiled. Then they went across lots toward a bit of woods. At frequent intervals they halted and said "Hist!" which is a satisfactory sort of word and of undoubted avail in case of Indians. McGown here selected a suitable spot in the woods not far from the road, gave orders to the others as to the disposition of the canvas, and sat around watching them work, which is the privilege of the leader of a gang. Then they built a fire and warmed up some of the canned things.

All went merrily at first. The warrior band, with the deadly bean shooters in readiness, scoured the boundless villa plots for the foe, whether in the form of the hideous redskin or of the ferocious grizzly, and almost scared the senses out of two little girls who were picking black raspberries in a thicket by the roadside and who shrieked and fled upon hearing the dread order:

"The dusky foe is before us! Forward! and spare them not."

Being swift of foot, the little girls escaped into civilisation, leaving their berries as booty for the conquerors. This added to the prospects for the evening meal, but meat was still lacking. To the disappointment of the intrepid band they were unable to discover any deer, and the cow which McGown valiantly offered to destroy shook forbidding horns in such a decided manner as to arouse suspicions that it wasn't a cow after all, and might better be let alone. So the band dined on canned meat.

"Never mind, me men," said Jimmy McGown. "Two days' journey toward the settin' sun an' we will have grizzly bears to burn."

That night there was some doubt in the minds of part of the band whether a surplus of grizzly bear wasn't loose in the neighbourhood, for a deep-voiced roar shook the darkness.

"What's that?" asked a tremulous voice from a corner of the tent.

"That?" said the intrepid leader, "why, that's a-a-a-a squirrel or somethin'."

"I don't like it," said the tremulous voice.

"I want to go home," quavered another voice.

"Hounds!" shouted Jimmy, finding courage in his disdain of the others' cowardice. "Stir not a step or my bullet shall piece yer hearts."

Then dropping into the vernacular, he added:

"I'll lick the stuffin' out of the first lad that makes any breaks about skinnin' out."

Meantime the roar, which was that of the bull seen in the afternoon, recurred at frequent intervals, and was unpleasantly punctuated by the sniffling of the smallest boy of the party, who was as much afraid to stay as to go. Morning brought with it renewed courage. There was no talk of desertion then. With their trusty bean shooters ready for action the gang scoured the woods for game.

"We oughter have some birds to take along before we start on West, so's we'll have plenty to eat," said the leader.

But the birds were wary, and barring a frog, which Buck Newman killed with a stick, no game fell to them. Jimmy cut off the frog's legs and put them in his pocket for future use.

"This sundown we perced on our way," he said, "and we shall soon see the peaks of the Rockies. But first I will go out on a scout to see if the trail is clear."

The trail was the road near which they had camped. Cautiously Jimmy McGown made his way to the road and stretched himself in concealment beneath a tree. Presently he heard the sound of a horse's hoofs.

"He comes!" cried Jimmy loudly. "Now, let him beware this warning," and he fired a shot from his revolver into the air.

Mounted Policeman Woodruff hove in sight and located Jimmy by the smoke.

"What are you shooting at?" he demanded.

"I-i-i-ndians," graped Jimmy.

"Come up here into the road," ordered the policeman.

"Please, I—I—I didn't mean no harm," said the valiant leader of the band, coming up with trembling knees. "I didn't know you was a cop."

"What are you doing here, any way?"

"Campin' out," said Jimmy. "Please, if you'll let go I'll go West an' never kill nothin' but Indians."

This plea was of no avail, however. The boy was taken to the station house, where he told the whole story. Woodruff went to the camp after the other boys, but they had deserted and gone to their homes. The tent and provisions were confiscated. Word was sent to Jimmy's parents, who live at 84 Dean Street, and he was taken home. He promised never to go out slaughtering again.

Thus was the wiping out of the aborigines prevented.

### PRaise OF THE CLEVELAND.

No more important topics occupy the English editorial space in the columns of the English cycle publications than the invasion of Britain by the American manufacturers. Every week the papers comment either favourably or adversely on the product of some United States maker who has introduced into England a consignment of his wares, and it is said their opinion has of late changed from a bitter antagonism to extreme favouritism. In commenting on this, Editor Sturmlay, of *Cyclist*, one of the most prominent cyclists in England, writes editorially on the subject as follows:

"If American manufacturers can make a machine which will suit the requirements of the British public in fittings and design, and which is, as some of our contemporaries would appear to assert, superior in construction and finish to anything else, why, then, the British manufacturer will have to take a back seat. But it is not fair to assume off-hand that such is the case, or is going to be the case. Absolute fairness and impartiality to both British and foreign manufacturers will be the policy of *The Cyclist*, and when we see— for we have not seen one yet—an American machine which is superior in finish, fitting and design, and better suited for the requirements of the English market than our own, we shall not hesitate to say so. As a matter of fact, in spite of the 'gush' of contemporary journals, we have as yet seen only one American make of bicycle which can in any way be said to be at all equal in construction, apart from design, of the best English productions, and this we have no hesitation in saying is Messrs. Lozier's 'Cleveland,' which, so far as we can judge, without a trial, may fairly be termed, as its makers call it, 'America's best bicycle.'—From *N.Y. Recorder*, July 24, 1896.

### DE MINIMIS.

So small are her feet, the glassy shoe Of Cinderella would hold the two.

So light are her hands, they could unite The spider's tremulous tapestry.

And her heart is both so light and small That it is hardly a heart at all.

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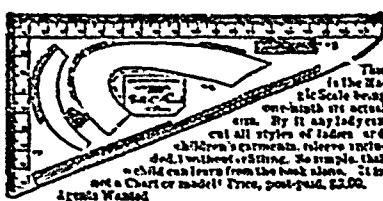
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